

FAMILY
HISTORY
MCBRIDE

C15

CIVIL WAR LETTERS

TO

RACHEL S. MCBRIDE

CIVIL WAR LETTERS

TO

RACHEL S. McBRIDE

Donated by:
Lurah Putt DeVoe Phillips

rite to him.

Brother Gladell was here this fall
and held a meeting for us we
had a good meeting there was
four additions at that meeting
we have prayer meetings every
Thursday night and we never forget
to ask God to remember the poor
soldier on the tented field.

Mr. Robinson was down here the
other day and made me a visit
her mother was with her she lives
with them they have a sweet babe
their hearts is built up in that
child but they know not what
they are raising her for they hold
no correspondence whatever with ^{her} them
our children go to school I have been
sewing for other folks and have done
^{some} a good deal of heavy sewing and have
some to do yet but my sheet is full
& must close by begging you to write
to me and tell us how you get along
tell us where David is if you can
at and all the news you can
give us his address and we will try
and write to him. So no more
but ever remain your brother and
sister in the one home
give our love to
father and mother
Rachel & the Bids



THE
WOMAN
FOR THE UNION

Went Dec 21st 1862

Dear Sister in
the Lord as this is Sunday
morning and having a few
leisure moments I could not think
how I could spend it more pleas-
antly than to express one who I
dearly love and one who I deeply
sympathize with in trouble.
Yes Rachel I do feel as though
your cup of sorrow was about
full for we heard that David
was drafted and had to leave home
and all he held dear and go forth
in defense of his country tis
hard but we have to submit
and if it were not for the strong
arm of omnipotence we would

certainly crush under the load
we have to some times bare, but
let us trust in him whose
mighty arm is able to sustain
us in all our afflictions, and
who has promised to be with us
in a troubles and not forsaking
in the seventh. Little did I think
when we parted that evening on
the corner, that we should hear
such sad news. I have looked
all fall for a letter from you
but have not received any I
therefore though I would write
and find out what was the
matter I suppose the reason was
on account of trouble and perhaps
want of time I cannot think it
is for want of friendship oh no
but I do pity those who have
such trouble to go through.

hope those few broken sentences
may find you the same. Hods
folks are all well except their
baby little Ada is very sick she
has been sick for over 4 weeks
and her life has been dispaired of
but we hope she is a little better
but we fear we shall loose the
dear little one for she is a sweet
babe and we all love her brother
Gleason's folks are tolerable well
for them wister Gleason has
been sick a good deal this fall
but is better now they still
hear from their boy he was
well the last they heard from
him. we have not heard from
John Davis for a long time he
was sick in the Hospital at
Washington the last we heard
and we dread the result he told
us not to write to him untill

When you write tell me whether you
got that money from Mother if you did
after you have paid out what you
have in tax and get the rest of it
changed into United States money
But I have not time to write more
I will send you three postage stamps
as I can use them here get rid
of them if you can write as soon as you
get this kiss the babies for me and
tell them to be good children ~~please~~
at present

Yours &c. &c. ^{help} Linda



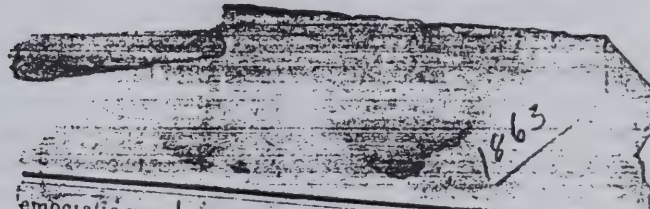
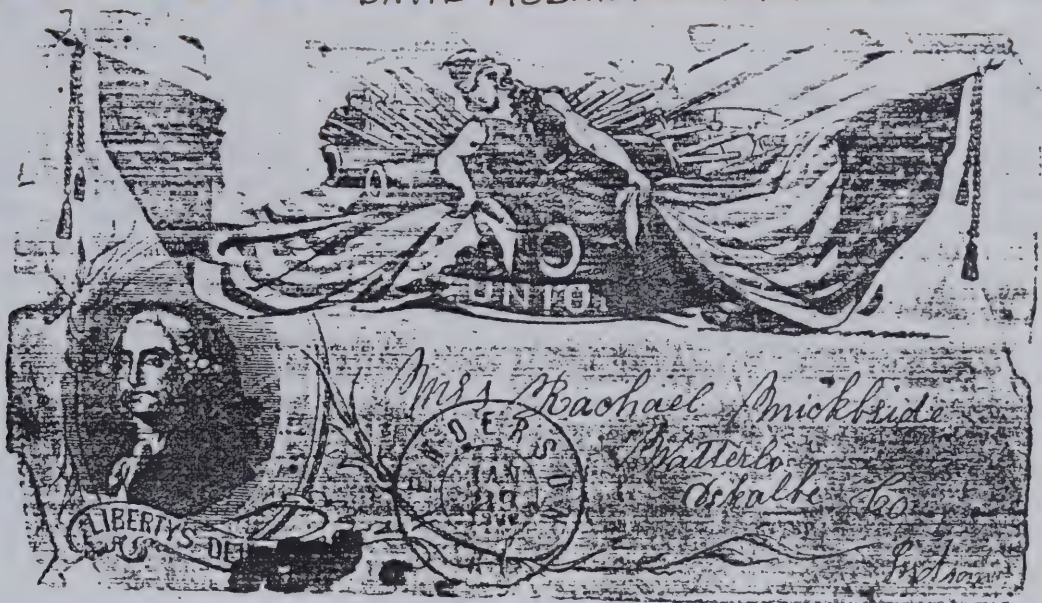
Our Flag is still there.

1862
Burnsides Barracks Nov^r

Dear wife and children and
friends generally I take my
pen this afternoon to write
you another letter to let you
know that I have not forgotten you
amid the confusion by which I am surround
ed dear ones my thoughts are constantly upon
those I left at home and I have looked
anxiously for a letter from you for the
last ~~few~~ days but have not received any
yet but I hope I may get one tomorrow
I am well except a hard cold which I took
a week ago last Saturday when it snowed
all day and we had to sleep on the
ground but we have been removed to
Burnsides Barracks where we have good houses
floors and stoves and a comfortable place
I shall now expect to winter here although
there is some talk of sending us down to
Mobile. It is a fine place for the winter.

yesterday was Sunday and it
was the first day we spent
in this place and I will try
to tell you how it was. At 8 o'clock
we were awakened by the firing of cannon
and we then had 15 minutes to dress and
wash and get ready for roll call and after
that we had Breakfast and then drive one
hour and then the rest of the day was
spent in all manner of employment but
the majority of the men were engaged
in playing cards. I spent my time in
reading my testament ~~in~~ in which I find
great comfort and consolation; we have a man
in our company that is a Disciple preacher
that is a smart intelligent man; on Saturday
at five noon I witnessed a sight that was
a sight indeed it was the practising of a
Battery of artillery it was a splendid performance
today I saw about 6000 men on parade on
about 50 acres of ground. These men will

the city of Indianapolis and in vicinity
Nights at Camp Morton where there is
about 8000 men incamped most of them
paroled prisoners; while we was in camp
Sullivan there was three men shot for in-
sisting to break guard they were drafted men
one of them was shot with 2 balls in the
breast and died the next morning the others
was alive the last I heard of them there was
two recruiting officers got into a fight the
other the day and one of them struck the
other with a knife in 4 places and let his
gates out the last time he struck him
the drafted men that did not volunteer is still
in camp Sullivan and I would not rather be
in the penitentiary than there here we have
better fare and more of it and are comfortably
situated George Hasselman and Charles Wright
have gone into a company of artillery and I hope
soon to go with them John Brand and others
have gone to Ft. Greer and Jacob Shoemaker have



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MARRIED.
In Franklin township, March 24, 1863, by Rev. R. Worth,
Mr. Wm. B. McQUEEN and Miss OLIVIA BEARD,
both of Franklin township.
In Norristown, March 22d, by Rev. R. Worth,
Mr. JOHN A. MADDEN and Miss MARY S. WALLACE,
both of Wilmington township.

DIED.
In Franklin township, March 24, 1863, Mrs. SA-
JONES, consort of Nathaniel Jones, aged 63
years, 4 months and 17 days.
Jan. 18th, on the steamer "Ole Vernon" of camp
DANIEL McGUIRE, a private in Co. G,
reg. Ind. Vol. aged 37 years, 6 months and 27
days.

In Smithfield township, Jan. 27th, 1863, Mrs.
MARY CORBIN, in the 75th year of her age.
The funeral services will be held on Sunday, at
1 o'clock, P. M., April 12th, at the School House, at
Corbin's Corners; Rev. Wm. LACER officiating.
All friends of the deceased are invited.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

BRAI
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Every man who goes
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the success of our ar
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Just in

Evansville Hospital Ind. Jan. 12th 1862

Kind Friend - I received yours of the 1st & read it with much pleasure. Altho you are a stranger to me, yet it repays me for all my labor to receive the thanks of friends of our sick & deceased Soldiers. Thanks to God that some are Soldiers of the Crop as well as Soldiers of the land. My letter must be as brief as possible as my spare moments are few & I have two other letters to answer this evening. I do not remember the date of month when your brother came to the Marine Hospital but 'twas between the 8th & 12th of Dec. he was there 18 or 20 days before he died. He was exceedingly patient & uncomplaining. he complained of his back painning him more than any thing else. I thought him better until the morning before he died he then seemed to be flighty & would talk about going to Waterloo to the Regt I told him the Regt was at Henderson & he said it was not & we could not make him believe it for he said he had been to Waterloo & back that morning & he saw all his friends there & the Regt was there too. & he would talk when we were not by his bed as tho he was talking to his father & mother & would rise

up in his bed frequently & start to cross the room if we did not hinder him. & say he wanted to go to his father for he had come after him but we could always get him to lie down & rest I spoke to the surgeon about his being so wild & he thought perhaps his disease was broken. he would frequently speak Rachels name but I did not know who he meant until Mr. Lock told me. I asked him what he wanted of her & he said he saw you there. He continued to be in this state until he died unless when we sat down I talked with him a while. he would then become rational, but we did not any of us consider him dangerous until afternoon I went out to get some clothes & when I came back the Dr. met me at the door & said "I guess he will go". I asked him who & he said Shatto. I could not believe it until my husband told me of the passage of blood which was about 3 pints. We gave up all hopes then but sent for the Surgeon. he pronounced him lost he requested me to make some wine panada which if operated without the loss of more blood he thought was the only hope. We did everything to keep him. I made mustard plaster for his ankles & bathed him with turpentine. I tried everything but he had another passage at dark just the same. We knew he was bleeding to death. I then told him he was going to die. Says he I am...well I am willing. I am no better to die than anyone else. I am perfectly willing. I have tried to be a good boy. This is his own language word for word. He then said he wanted to see Rachel & I asked him what I should write to his parents he said "Tell them I would love to see them but cannot". Little Bentz he wanted to see. When he grew so bad a great number gathered around his bed and he looked up up up says he "I wish you'd go away & not get up here so near me." I asked him if he wanted we should all go away & he said "No not now I want you to stay here but what makes them folks come & look at me so?" I told him he was dying & they wanted to see him once more. He suffered no pain after he commenced bleeding. He lingered along until next morning which was Sunday morning & died without one struggle. The Dr. says "The Lord giveth & the Lord taketh away" He was a good and noble boy but has gone to a better world where I hope we will all meet him. I get along well. My husband is now at Calhoun but I expect him on every Boat. I must close by thanking you for your kind letter & hope you will write again direct as you did before. I received one from your father last week also no more but remain your friend Mrs. Eliza S. Burch

This letter was written to Rachel after the death of her brother John L. Shatto. He died at Evansville Ind. in service of his country during the Civil War. Lurak J. DeVoe

Owensville, Hospital Inds. Decr 12th 1862

Kind Friend

I received yours of the 1st & read it with much pleasure. Altho' you are a stranger to me, yet it repays me for all my labor to receive the thanks of friends of our sick & deceased Soldiers.

& thanks to God that some are Soldiers of the Cross as well as Soldiers of the sword, My letter must be as brief as possible as my spare moments are few & I have time for other letters to answer this evening.

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I was in bed & he wanted to go to his father for he
 had come after him. But we could always get him to lie
 down & rest. I spoke to the Surgeon about his being so wild & he
 thought perhaps his disease was broken. he would frequently speak
 Rachel's name. but I did not know who he meant until Mrs Lock
 told me. I asked him what he wanted of her & he said he saw you there.
 He continued to be in this state until he died. unless when we sat down
 & talked with him awhile. he would then become rational, but we did
 not any of us consider him dangerous. until afternoon I went out to get
 some clothes. & when I came back the Dr. met me at the door & said I
 thought it well to let you know I saw & heard Rachel. I could not believe
 it until my husband told me of the passage of blood which was about 3 pints.
 we gave up all hopes then. but sent for the Surgeon. & he pronounced him lost.
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 his ankles & bathed him with Turpentine. & tried everything but he had another
 passage at dark just the same. & we knew he was bleeding to death.
 I then told him he was going to die. says he. I will I am willing. I am no
 better to die than anyone else. I am perfectly willing & have tried to be a good boy.
 this is his language word for word. he then said he wanted to see Rachel
 & I asked him what I should write to his parents he said. tell them I wish
 love to see them but cannot. & little Bertie he wanted to see. when he grew
 so bad a great number gathered around his bed & he looked up & says he. I
 wish you'd go away & not get up here so near me. I asked him if he wanted
 we should leave. & he said. No not now I want you to stay here. but not
 makes them folks come & look at me so. I told him he was dying & they wanted
 to see him no more. he suffered no pain after he commenced standing. he lay
 along until next morning which was Sunday morning & died without one
 struggle & the Dr. says the Lord giveth & the Lord taketh away.
 He was a good & noble boy but has gone to a better world where I hope we
 all meet him. I get along well. My husband is now at Galhoun but I respect him
 on every point & must close by thanking you for your kind letter. I hope you
 will write soon direct as you did before. I received one from our father last
 week also from our mother & our friend Mrs Eliza S. French.

Civil War Letters

These are letters David A. McBride sent to his wife Rachel Samantha Shatto (McBride.) They were sent to her while he was serving in the Civil War.

If my family doesn't want any of these please give to Jenny King Phillips.

Lurah J. DeVoe

March 6, 1990

October 9, 1984

Dear Lurah:

Here at last is the material I promised you, and I am very sorry to have taken so long about it.

After I got to the bank, and got the letters out of the box, and then waited until the day I went to Opera office to have use of the copy machine, found I was not satisfied with the copies, not legible enough, and so I took the time to type off the material from the originals, which is sometimes much more readable. As you can imagine, the letters are in very poor condition, and I intend to encase them into plastic sheets in a book--it will have to be clear on both sides, as many letters are written on both sides.

Paper must have been very valuable in those days, for I note they never used more than one sheet, and in one case the lady wrote around the sides and ends, in order to get on all her last minute thoughts (gossip). I loved that one, for it showed her basic prejudices, after all her religious platitudes and her preoccupation with illness and death. Guess that was the life then, and a little gossip livened up an otherwise intolerable life.

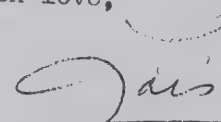
I did mean what I said, that I hoped we could get together more often when you get moved to Florida, and I surely would like to be of help in the geneology work, even tho I do not have the training in it that you have.

After we were on the trip to Indiana, we made a second trip to North Carolina to assist Martha in moving out of her house and into a condo town-house of her own. It was very traumatic for her, and for her daughters also.

I have underlined some errors in the letters, to show they were not typos, but the way actually written. Reading these was very moving to me, and I know you will make good use of them. I have sent Martha copies of the typewritten copies, just for her enjoyment. She is continuing as Regent of her chapter, even tho working, as she can get off for her meetings

Certainly hope you can get your house fixed up and sold as you plan, and get moved to Florida where everyone lives longer and happier.

Much love,



LOIS RUTH WILSON LEHMAN
DA. OF HAZEL BRUGH WILSON (SMITH)
GRANDDAUGHTER OF EMMA MCBRIDE
GR. GRANDDAUGHTER OF RACHEL
SAMANTHA SHATTO (MCBRIDE) HARMS
+ DAVID A. MCBRIDE

Monday Ravenna Feb. 3rd/62.

Dear wife and children I improve the present opportunity of writing you a few lines to let you know that I got through safe and well I got to Cleveland on Sunday morning about 6 o'clock and then had to take it afoot the rest of the way I got into the neighbourhood last night and got here at Uncle Charses about an hour ago and found them all well but I have not found any body that knows me yet if I dont find some body soon that knows me I shal think I am a Stranger in these parts and leave for home You may tell Joel that I did not stop at Berea and can tell him nothing about his folks at the present tell him that I can tell him nothing

about Sheep more than this that Saw a man in Toledo with 2 car loads that he paid three dollars a head for in Leneway County in Michigan that will Everage about like his that he was offered 3 dollars and 40 cts in Toledo but would not take it and went on to the City tell him that Leas went no further than Cleveland and he will be at home on Wednesday of this week I cant tell what day I shal start home but dont get uneasy about me Kiss the babies forty times for me and tell them to be good children for I said so but I must close for the present So farewell for the present

David A McBride to R S McBride

Monday

Ravenna Feb 3rd '62

Dear wife and children
 improve the present opportunity
 of writing you a few lines to tell
 you know that I got through
 safe and well I got to Cleveland
 on Sunday morning about 6 o'clock
 and then had to take it about
 the rest of the way I got into
 the neighbourhood last night and
 got here at Uncle Charles about an
 hour ago and found them all well
 but I have not found any body
 that knows me yet if I dont
 find some body soon that knows
 me I shal think I am a stranger
 in this part and leave for home
 you may tell Coll that I did
 not stop at Perea and can tell him
 nothing about his folks at the present
 tell him that I can tell him nothing

about eleven more than the
 that I saw ~~was~~ a man in
 Toledo with a car load that he
 paid \$ three dollars a head for in
 Seneca County in Michigan that
 will ~~be~~ average about lets his
 that he was offered \$, dollars and 40 cts
 in Toledo but would not take it and
 went on to the City. I tell him that
 I can go no farther than Cleveland and
 he will be at home on Wednesday of
 this week I cant tell what day I shall
 start home but dont get me any
 about me kiss the Babies forty times
 for me and tell them to be good children
 for I said so but I must close
 for the present. So farewell for the
 present

David H. H. H. H.
 to R. H. H. H.

(?) Ind. Jan. 26th 1862

Dear Sister in Christ I avail myself the evening of addressing a few of my wandering thought to one that I esteem highly one that I often think of and one that I would be very glad to see. although not many miles intervene yet we do not see each other very often Yes Rachel I well remember your dear brother that you gave me an introduction to that evening at the Lockhearts school house little did I think when shook the hand of greeting it would be the last hear on earth but it is appointed unto man once to die and after death the judgment it is very hard to part with our dear friends but we know that it is the decree that has gone forth that sooner or later we must all die the old must die the young may die it was a hard trial no doubt to part with him when he went forth in defense of his country with the patriotic boys of DeKalb but you had a point hope that he would return to your fond embrace but he went forth and fell not by the cannon or sword but by the relentless hand of death but you have a hope big with immortality that you shall see him again

not in a soldiers garb but clad in the habiliment of immortal Glory O Rachel those are encouraging thoughts thoughts that cheer your lonely hours thoughts are sweet in a dying hour we all have our troubles in this world my dear brother has gone to try the secnes of a camp life he lay sick in Hospital the same time your Brother dide he wrote to us of his death but the lord spared his life as, for we as know it may be for good and perhaps he may live to come back to our fond embrace or perhaps he is spard to meet a more cruel fate but he is in the hands of providence and in him we trust Sister Gleason wishes me to say she deeply sympathises with you She has trouble to bare She has a son in the army and this fall she lost her youngest little girl she dide the 13 of Nov. with the tyfoid fever after a lingering illness she did adieu to this world she was seven years old and was tenderly entwined around their hearts, but she is at rest till the trump of God shall call her forth to reign with him in Glory. but I will say something about our meetings we meet every sunday last fall Bro. Hadsell was hear and held a meeting for us we had eight additions 6 by immersion Gideon was among the number Charles

barr and Ema and Sarah barr the others you did know it was truly an interesting meeting and made our hearts rejoice. I do not know as I have much news to write I would like to see you very much and Lucy give my love to Lucy and father and mother McBride tell them I would like to see them Write again when convenient for I am glad to hear from you my love to you and David Gideon joins me in love to you all so no more at preasant I remain your affectionate friend and well wishes. Remember me

E C Davis Rachel S McBride

Weep not for your Brother O Rachel weep not
For his troubles and trials are ore
For he paid the debt we all must pay
And he'll range that sunbright shore

He'll rest in his grave till the trump shall call
And his sleeping dust shall arise
All bright and fair you'll meet him their
And range on that sunbright shore

O weep no more for the dear loved ones
For he never can come unto you
But O prepare for to meet him there:
And with him range that sunbright shore.

For O it'll be sweet when we all shall meet
The dear one thats gone on before
O sweet it will be when we kneel at his feet:
And we will range that sunbright shore.

For the time will come when we'll all go home
Where sorrow and sighing near come.
And we will weep no more for those who have gone on before
But we will range that sunbright shore
By E C Davis

Please excuse this poor writing and composition for my pen was rather poor but Rachel
these lines are the true sentiments of my heart For I do believe if we are faithful
the little time we have to spend hear on earth their is an everlasting inheritance
prepared for the faithful followers of the meek and loly lamb of God

I weep no more for the dear loved ones
who have gone on into you
but I prepare for to meet him there
and with him range that sunbright shore.

For it'll be sweet when we all shall meet
The dear ones that have gone on before.
O sweet it will be when we kneel at his feet
And we will range that sunbright shore.

For the time will come when we all go home
When sorrow and sighing near come.
But we will weep no more for those who have gone on before
But we will range that sunbright shore.

Now sharing the though if we are true to our trust
We will meet our Jesus up their
And look in his smiles and feast on his love.
While ranging that sunbright shore.
By E. L. Davis

Please excuse the poor writing and composition
for my pen was rather poor but Rachel
these lines are the true sentiments of my heart
and I do believe if we are faithful the little time
we have to spend here on earth there is an
everlasting inheritance prepared for the faithful

27
The Great South Sea Jan 26th 1862

Dear Sister in Christ

I avail myself the evening of addressing a few of my
pondering thoughts to one that I esteem highly one that
I often think of and one that I would be very glad to
see although not many miles intervening yet we do not
reach other very often. Yes Rachel I well remember your
dear Brother that you gave me an introduction to that loving
father at the Lockhart school how little did I think when
I took this leave of greetings it would be the last time
on earth that it is appointed unto man once to die and
after death the judgement it is very hard to part with
our dear friends but we know that it is the decree
that has gone forth that sooner or later we must all
die the old must die the young may die it was a
sad trial no doubt to part with him when he
went forth in defense of his country with the patriot
boys of Utah but you had a faint hope that he
would return to your fond embrace but he went
forth and fell not by the cannon or sword but by
the relentless hand of death but you have a hope
that you shall see him again

9
not in a soldiers garb but clad in the habiliments
of immortal glory O Rachel those are encouraging
thoughts thoughts that cheer your lonely hours though
we wait in a dying hour we all have our troubles in
this world my dear Brother has gone to try the scene
of a camp life he lay sick in Hospital the same
time your Brother died he wrote to us of his death
but the Lord spared his life as for we know it may
be for good and perhaps he may live to come back
to our point in force or perhaps he is spared to meet
a more cruel fate but he is in the hands of provide
and in him is trust Sister Gleason wishes me to
say she deeply sympathizes with you she has trouble
to share she has a son in the army and they fall
she lost her youngest little girl she died the 13th
with the typhoid fever after a lingering illness she
did not leave this world she was seven years old and
was tenderly intertwined around their hearts but she
is at rest till the triumph of God shall call her
forth to reign with him in glory. but I will say
something about our meetings we meet every Sunday
last fall Bro Thaddeus was here and held a
meeting for us we had eight additions 6 by
immersion Gideon was among the number that

Barz and Emma and Sarah but the others were
sick I know it was truly an interesting meeting
and made our hearts rejoice I do not know
I have much news to write I would like to see you very
much and Lucy give my love to Lucy and father and
Mother all I bid tell them I would like to see them
write again when convenient for I am glad to hear
from you my love to you and David Gideon joins me
in love to you all so no more at present I remain
your affectionate friend and well wisher. Remember me

E. C. Davis

Rachel & Mc Bride

Weep not for your Brother O Rachel weep not
For his troubles and trials are over
For he has paid the debt we all must pay
and he'll ~~range~~ that sunbright shore

He'll rest in his grave till the triumph shall call
and his sleeping dust shall arise
All bright and fair you'll meet him there
And singe on that sunbright shore

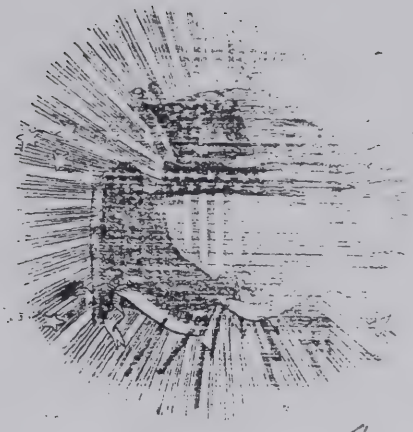
Oct. 25/6

(Color print of flag, in red, white & blue on folded stationery)

Camp Sullivan: Dear wife and friends. I seat my self on the ground with my paper on the head of a drum to write you a few lines to let you know how I am getting along. I am well as can be common and hope those few lines will find you all well the rest of the boys are well as far as I know there has been three of our country boys poisoned since they came to Camp. Jake Root and one of the Tower boys but they are getting better now they got poisoned by bying fries of peddlars in the camp. I am in the same mess with Casner and Fail we have went into a volunteer company in the 4th Regiment for 11 months unless sooner discharged we expect to get out of this camp in a day or two

and go to Camp morton where we will have good quarters the reason we left the drafted men is bonus we wanted to get out of this place for purpose of getting better usage and getting out of here we are not permitted to leave the camp ground; it is snowing this morning and the ground is covered with snow and it looks very dreary but :oh the confusion that is around me is enough to ~~confusion~~ set the world and the rest of mankind crasy you may tell my Mr. Casselmans folks that George has volunteered to go in the artilery he left on Wednesday John Brand and Jake Shoemaker have gone to the Cavalry they left last night Charley Triplet went with George Casselman now Rachel please to kiss the babies for me and tell them to be good children and dont fret nor worry about me I get all I want to eat and drink and sleep comfortable and have had nothing to do yet but but when we get to the other camp we will have to go to drilling tell Harriet that I sent that letter to George on Tuesday the Sch said he thought it would go to him without fail when you write direct to Camp Sullivan Indianapolis Care of Capt. Carter 54 Reg. Ind. Vols ---my fingers are getting so cold I can hardly write so I must close dont send them likenesses until you hear from me again and then I can tell you how to direct them So farewell for the presept David A. McBride

new page



Camp 2 Oct 25/62

Dear Mother and friends
I beat my self on
the ground with a
reper on the head of
a drum to with you

a few lines to let you know how
I am getting along I am well as
~~can~~ common and hope those few lines
will find you all well the rest
of the boys are well as far as
I know there has been three of our
country boys poisoned since they
came to Camp Baker Roof and one
of the Lower Boys but they are
getting better now they got poisoned
by eating pie of fuddlers in the camp
I am in the same mess with Casner
and Tail we have went into a volunteer
company in the 54th Regiment for
11 months unless we are discharged we expect
to get out of this camp in a day or two

4
and go to Camp Morton where we
will have good quarters this reason we left
the distressed men is because we wanted
to get out of this place for the
purpose of getting better usage and getting out
of here we are not permitted to leave
the camp grounds it is snowing this
morning and the ground is covered
all the time and it looks very dreary
but with the confusion that is around
me is enough to ~~confuse~~ set the world
and the rest of mankind crazy
you may tell ~~my~~ Mr. Casselman folks
that George has volunteered to go in the
artillery and left on Wednesday John Brand
and John Shoemaker have gone to the
Cavalry they left last night Charles
Liplett went with George Casselman
and please to kiss the ladies for
me and tell them to be good children
and don't but not worry about me
I want to eat and drink
and sleep comfortable and have had nothing

to do yet but when we go
to the other camp we will have to
go to drilling left Harriet that
I sent that letter to George on Tuesday
the Post said thought it would
go to him without fail when you
write direct to Camp Sullivan
Indianapolis Care of Capt Carter 54
Reg Ind Poles but my fingers are
getting so cold I can hardly write
so I must close don't send them
likenesses until you hear from me
again and then I can tell you how
to direct them so farewell for
the present David C. Rice

Colorful envelope front, "Union" with a maiden, flag and cannon and picture (Geo. Washington?) ribbon below "Liberty's Defenders"
Postmarked Henderson, Ky. Jan. 29, 1863

This was found with the poem about slavery, signed by David A. McBride. The envelope is dated 11 days after his death. Was it found and mailed by someone else after his death? Envelope is addressed to Mrs. Rachael Wickbride, Waterlo, Dekalbe Co. Indiana. (note misspellings)

His name has gone throughout the world/ Free labor soil and men/ But slaves
had better far be hurled/ Into the Lions den. / Fare you well Ohio I'm
not safe in thee / I'll travel on to Canada where colored man is free/
I'm now embarked for yonder shore/ Where men are men by law/ The vessel
soon will bear me ore/ To shake the lions paw/ I no more fear the
auctioneer/ Nor dread my masters frown/ I no more tremble when I hear
the baying negro hound/ Old master dont think hard of me / I'm just in
sight of Canada where colored men are free/ I'm landed safe upon that
shore/ Both sole and body free/ My blood and sweat and tears no more/
Shall drench old tennasee/

Look bhould the scalding tears/ Is streaming from my eyes/ To think my
wife my own dear wife/ A slave must live and die/ Oh Susannah O don't you
cry for me/ Forever at a throne of grace I will remember thee

David A. McBride



1863

MARRIED
 In Franklin township, March 7, by Rev. R. Worth,
 fr. WM. H. McQUEEN and Miss OLIVIA BEANS,
 oth of Franklin township.
 In Norristown, March 22, by Rev. R. Worth,
 fr. JOHN A. MADDEN and Miss MARY S. WALLACE,
 oth of Wilmington township.

DIED
 In Franklin township, March 24, 1863, Mrs. SA-
 RAH JONES, consort of Nathaniel Jones, aged 53
 years, 5 months, and 17 days.
 Jan 19th, on the steamer "Waverley" of
 Capt. D. S. MCKIBBEN, departed in a
 Glasgow, aged 41 years, 10 months and 10 days.

In Randolph township, Jan 27th, 1863, Mrs.
 ARY CORBIN, in the 75th year of her age.
 The funeral services will be held on Sunday
 at 10 o'clock P.M. April 19th at the School House
 in Corbin's Corners, by Rev. W. A. Loomis, officiating.
 Friends of the deceased are invited.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

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BRAD

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Every man who goes
 by, or who remains at
 the success of our art
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 of the United S
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His name has gone throughout
 Free labor soil and corner
 But slaves had father far he hurried
 Into the lions den

Here you will find some not safe in the
 I'll travel on to Canada where colored men

I'm now embarked for gender shore
 When men are men by law

The vessel soon will bear me on

To shake the lions paw

I no more fear the auctioneer

Nor dread my masters frown

I no more tremble when I hear

The hounds negro hound

Old master dont think hard of me

I'm fast in sight of Canada shore

I'm landed safe upon staff shore

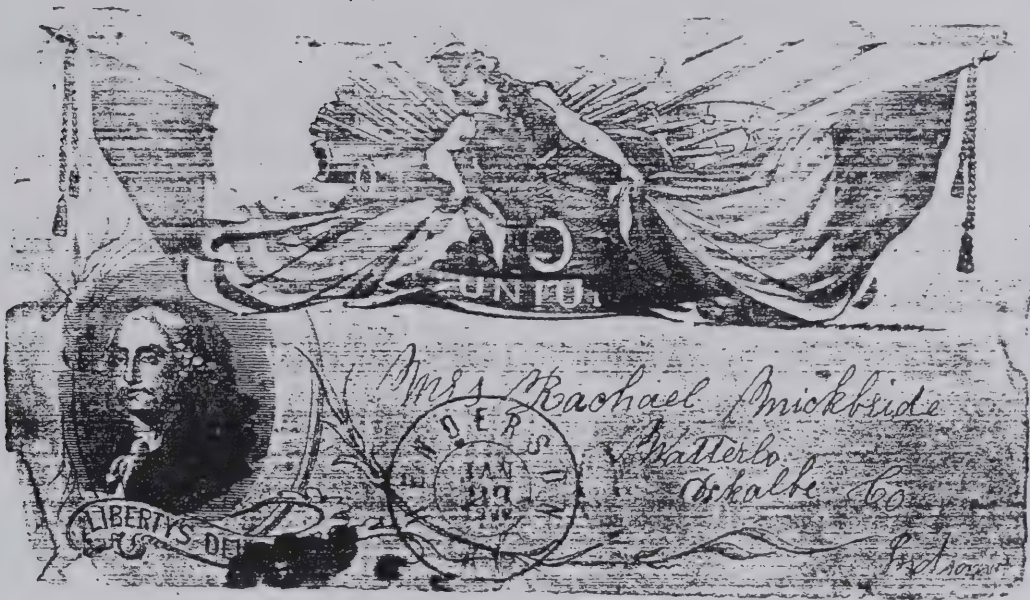
Both soul and body free

My blood and sweat and tears no more

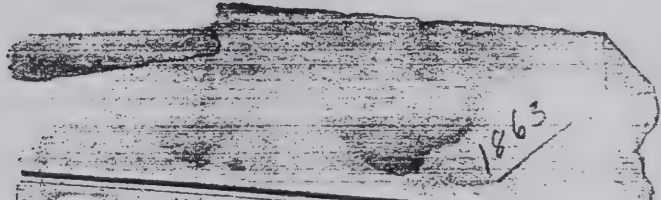
Shall smelt old tarsman

DAVID MCBRIDE'S DEATH

7



*Mrs Rachael Micklebride
Walter
Calkins Co
P. H. H. H.*



<p>emocratic par- tist win, vic- Union; The Judge of the party</p>	<p>MARRIED In Franklin township, March, by Rev. R. Worth, Mr. Wm. H. McQUEEN and Miss OLIVIA BEARD, both of Franklin township. In Norristown, March 22d, by Rev. R. Worth, Mr. JOHN A. MADDEN and Miss MARY S. WALLACE, both of Wilmington township.</p> <p>DIED. In Franklin township, March 24, 1863, Mrs. SA- RA JONES, consort of Nathaniel Jones, aged 53 years, 5 months and 17 days, died at 10 o'clock on the 19th, on the steamer "The Vernon" of camp at the Delaware. Mr. MCBRIDE private in Co. G. aged 26 years, 6 months and 27 days.</p> <p>In Smithfield township, Jan. 27th, 1863, Mrs. MARY CORBIN, in the 75th year of her age. The funeral services will be held on Sunday, at 1 o'clock, P. M., April 12th, at the School House, at Corbin's Corners; Rev. Wm. LACER officiating. All friends of the deceased are invited.</p> <p>NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.</p>	<p>N Will DeK rent, 5-</p>
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BRAD

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Have a R

Every man who goes
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the success of our ar-
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Newspaper clipping

Died

In Waterloo City, May 1, 1863, of Consumption Robert E. Long, aged 36 years.

Lines on the death of DAVID A. McBRIDE, a private in Co. G. 54th Reg. Ind. Vols., who died of camp disease, on the steamer Die Vernon, Jan. 19, 1863. Published by request of Mrs. Rachel S. McBride.

Farewell my dear husband, I here yet remain,
But if I live faithful, I'll meet you again
In a world that is free from sorrow and pain
Where no more will be heard the cries of the slain.

Where no fierce storm or tempest, or thunder shall roll,
Where the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul;
Where peace, joy and pleasure forever shall reign,
We'll live there together with God and the Lamb.

O! hard was the time when we bid thee farewell,
From the scenes of thy home, O, no one can tell,
The tears of deep sorrow how freely did flow,
When the time it did come that bid thee to go.

Away from thy friends in a far distant land,
To meet the proud foe in a southern clime;
While there among strangers, far from thy home,
Away from thy friends, thou must die alone.

No loved one was there to soothe thy death bed,
No darling sweet babe one lone tear to shed;
But far from strangers, thou must die alone,
Far, far from thy friends and the pleasures of home.

But sweet is the thought when freed from all care,
We will meet with our loved one that has gone on before;
Their and the sweetest of music forever to reign,
All praise shall be given to God and the Lamb.

E. C. D.

Flint (?) Feb. 22nd 1863

Dear Sister I take the opportunity this afternoon of answering your very kind letter which came to hand in due time and found us tolerable well although sickness and death are around us on every hand yet we are the spared monuments of his amazing mercy who doeth all things well. There is a great deal of sickness around us and a great many deaths father is dead he died Jan, 30th after a lingering illness of about 2 months in which time he suffered every thing that mortal man could suffer but he died as he had lived a Christian he seemed sensible to the very last and exhorted us all to be faithful and be ready to meet him in a better world then this a few hours before he died while we were standing around his bedside weeping (for we could not help weeping for so kind a father) he reach out his hand to Mother and bid her farewell he then bid us all farewell that was there and we were all there but Rebecca and poor George he you know had gone to try the realities of an unseen world not quite a year before and Rebecca was detained at home on account of her sick baby, poor little thing I fear it will never get well it is so puny after he had bid us all farewell he then tried to repeat his religion that can give sweetest pleasure while we live but his tongue was so palsied he could scarcely articulate yet amid our affections it was encouraging to see him have such confidence in God. yes dear sister we are not left without hope for I know if I am faithful I shall meet him on the sunny banks of sweet deliverance Bro. McGowen is dead he was buried last friday after suffering for about five months the most extreme suffering. never did I see a person

exhibit more composure then did Bro McGowen he was just as composed as though he had been going to start on a long journey and he seemed to meet death with a smile he was sensible to the very last and died as he had lived a faithful Christian blessed are the dead that die in the Lord.

There has been several deaths that you did not know Mr Mercer died in flint very sudden and Homer dove died very sudden Brother Hazen and Sister noding and many others their has been 5 members of the Christian Church died since the yearly meeting they all their and took part in our farewell meeting. Oh how many bid farewell that day never to meet on this terestial globe but I trust we will meet them in a better world then this Rebeca baby doant seem to be much better She is very weak and she is sweled very much like dropsy her little boy is very sick now and I fear it will go heard with him Charlie Barr little girl is some better they think and they think she will get well I was very sorry to hear that David was sick Oh I doant wonder you have trouble it is a hard strougles for you to bear but Rachel we hope and pray for his safety that he may again return to your embrace if not on this world in a world to come but we must hope for the best this is a hard world to live in hear we must part with the dearest ties that nature is heir to but I trust it is all for the best God knows best and if we put our whole trust and confidence in him all will be well I am sorry you live in such a seicish place as you do I wonder if Bro Tompson thinks he can take his riches with him poor man I fear they will avail him but little in the hour of death but such is the

way of the world put not your trust in riches for they may take to them selves wings and fly away John Davis came home last Thursday he had been in the Hospital 8 months and was scarcely able to get home he is in very poor health and I fear he never will be well again he has the disease of the heart and I think his lungs are affected for he coughs very heard so you see their is now and then a poor soldier that has the privilege of coming home after suffering every thing but death and perhaps crippled or diseased for life when they can do nothing their they send them home but I am glad they can have the privelage of coming home even if they are not able to do another days work it is a pleasure to have their company but how many their is that doant have that privilage. Old father Dowling come out to preach

Bro. McGowens funeral and he stays and preaches for us over two lordsday We are having some good meetings and we pray for the success of the Gospel I wish you could come out and stay with us a while and pass away the time but Rachell doant fret and worry any more then you can help but I expect you doant for I assure you you have friends that sympathise with you hear we all pittty you and pray for you and for him that is far from you tell your dear little girls that aunty appreciated that kiss they sent me and I only wished it had been a reaal one but I thank them for that and I think I will see them this winter or spring for Gid talks of going to the failroad and I want him to go to Waterloo so I can have a chance to go to your house

he may not go their but if he does I mean to go with him as far as your house if the folks are so I can leave-home our children go to school we have a very good school I guess I must bring this letter to a close hoping soon to hear from you write often as you can as we are glad to hear from you so farewell for the preasant kiss your little ones for me give my love to father and mother McBride and reserve a large share yourself and believe me ever your friend and wellwisher

Ellen to Rachell

Many are our sorrows hear/ in various forms they do appear; some may wrecked on beds of pain; and nough can ease their feverd brain/ While others mourn the loss of friends; which death has eased them of their pain; While others on the battle field are lain; Perhaps are numbered with the Slain. / While others bid their friends farewell; And hasteen to the battle field; And not a thought but they'd return; And then embrace their friends at home. / We'll follow them to Southern climes/ Perhaps in Sothsom Hospitals confind; While their they lay all scorch with pain/ Their flag and country to maintain / But we must hope hope for the best / The cloud though dark it soon may pass / And peace again may be restord / And we may live as we did before. (By E.C.D.)

(Written around the sides and top end) I like to forgot to tell you Eliza Jane Stayner has got another boy the first one for a long time. I suppose they feel quite proud of their young Democrat well he is most to young to help the rebels yet and I trust the war will close before he is big enough to help much so much for Eliza Jane she has very poor health it may get better now I guess she can scold yet I guess I never told you that Catharine Johnson is married She married Dave Hanselman (a cousin to the preacher David Avson (?)) Hanselmans boy I dont know what she will think now John has come home John thought a great deal of Kate but Dave got the start of him while he was gone but I guess it was good luck for him I should think Lucy would feel ashamed of herself She ought to go South and maybe she would get sick of sympathising with the rebellion

*Can't identify this Ellen
who wrote Rachel*

Feb 22nd 1865

Dear sister I take the opportunity
this afternoon of answering your very kind letter which came
so kind in due time and found us laboring with
illness and death all around us on every hand
for we are the spotted monuments of his amazing
mercy who doth all things well.

There is a great deal of sickness around us and
great many deaths. Father is dead he died
after a lingering illness of about 9 months in which
time he suffered every thing that mortal man could
suffer but he died as he had lived a Christian
he seemed sensible to the very last and exhorted
us all to be faithful and to meet him
in a better world than this a few hours before
he died while we were standing around his bed side
weeping for we could not help weeping for his father
he took out his hand to mother and bid her
farewell then bid us all farewell that was there and we
were all there but Rebecca and poor George who you know
had gone to try the waters of an unclean world not
quite a year before and Rebecca was detained at home
on account of her sick baby poor little thing I fear
it will never get well it is so young after he had bid
us all farewell he then bade to repeat his religion
that may give sweetest pleasure while we live but
his tongue was so fogged he could scarcely articulate
yet amidst our afflictions it was encouraging to see
him have such confidence in God. yes dear sister
I am left with out life for I know if I am
faithful I shall meet him on the sunny banks of
that deliverance. Bro. Mc Gowan is dead he was buried
last Friday after suffering for about four months the
most extreme sufferings now did I see a person

exhibited more composure than did Brattle given
 he was just as composed as though he had been going
 to stand on a long journey and he seemed to meet
 death with a smile he was sensible to the very last
 and died as he had lived a faithful christian blessed
 are the dead that die in the Lord.
 There has been several deaths that you did not
 know Mr Mercer died in Flint very sudden and
 Thomas, done died very sudden Brother Hager and
 eight more and many others there has been 5
 members of the christian Church died since the
 yearly meeting they were all there and took part
 in our farewell meetings. Oh how many bid farewell
 that I can never to meet on this terrestrial globe but
 I trust we will meet them in a better world than
 this where baby dont seem to be much better
 she is very weak and she is swelled very much like
 the dropsy her little boy is very sick now and I fear
 it will go hard with him. Charles has little
 girl is some better they think and they think she
 will get well I was very sorry to hear that David
 was sick Oh I dont wonder you have trouble it is
 a hard struggle for you to bear but Rachell we hope
 and pray for his safety that he may again return
 to your embrace if not on this world in a world to
 come but we must hope for the best this is a hard
 world to live in here we must part with the dearest
 ties that nature is heir to but I trust it is all for
 the best God knows best and if we put our whole
 trust and confidence in him all will be well
 I am sorry you live in such a searish place as you
 say I wonder if Bro Thompson thinks he can take his
 riches with him poor man I fear they will avail him
 but little in the hour of death but such is the

ways of the world but not your trust in riches
for they may take to their silver wings and fly
away. John Savoy came home last Thursday he
had been in the hospital 5 months and was
unable to get home he is in very poor health
and I fear he never will be well again he has
the disease of the heart and I think his lungs
are spotted for he coughs very hard so you see
there is now ~~and~~ then a poor soldier that has
the privilege of coming home after suffering
every thing but death and perhaps crippled or
diseased for life when they can do nothing then
they send them home but I am glad they can
have the privilege of coming home even if they
are not able to do another days work it is a pleas-
ure to have their company but how many there
is that dont have that privilege. Old father
Dowling come out to preach Bro Mc Gowers funeral
and he stays and preaches for us over two lorddays
we are having some good meetings and we pray
for the success of the Gospel I wish you could
come out and stay with us a while and pass
away the time. But Rachel dont fret and
worry any more than you can help but I expect
you dont for I assure you you have friends
that sympathize with you ~~and~~ we are pretty well
and pray for you and for him that is far from
you till your dear little girls that ainty appre-
ciated that kid they sent me and I only wished
it had been a real one but I thank them
for that and I think I will see them this
month or spring for yid talks of going to the
railroad and I want him to go to Wablar so
I can have a chance to go to your house

The Separation
Written by Mary E. McBride

..... indicates paper gone

(This is the paper which has been badly torn or chewed at the left side of all sheets)

I've breathed to you my last good bye/ I've sighed my last farewell; And now your
name is shrined alone/ In memorys deepest cell/ The past must be forgotten/ With
the bright hopes it put onand I must live and act...as though we never had
known...breathed to you my last farewell/ the saddest ere was wrung/ in the agony
of parting/ from a mortals trembling tongue. / For to part with you forever/ Was
far more than I could bear/ And the cloud that wrapt my spirit/ was the dark cloud
of despair/

Oh had you only prized..../ with a boyish fitful pride/ you might throw away my
friendship/ as a thing to be supplied/ I loved as none had ever loved/ whatever
their love might be/ Else would not parting with you wring.../ such bitter pangs from...
Yet musing on what might.../ I dream my time away.../ 'Tis idle as my early dreams.../
But Ah 'tis not so gay/ If aught of pleasure yet is mine/ a pleasure mixed with pain/
Tis pondering on the days gone by/ which neer may come again.

...thee, Dear one, I fondly sighed/ For thee I now repine/ Since fate has sworn in
solemn words/ Thou never canst be mine/ Yet fondly do I love thee still/ Though hope
never mingles there/ A wilder passion sways me now/ 'tis love joined to despair./
.....lll! A world whose gayest scenes/...pleasure bring to me/...its smile did I not
think / It may give joy to thee./ But, if thou ever lov'dst like me/ no joy will
light thine eye/ Save transient gleams, like wintry suns/ that tells that love will die.

The Librarian

Written by Mary E. Mc Bride

I've bade to you my last good bye

I've signed my last farewell

And now your name is shrouded alone

In memories deep and cold

The past must be forgotten

With the bright best of us

And I must live and act

As though we had known

That to you we last bade

The last of our lives

In the army

From a modest trembling tongue

To part with you

Has far more than I could say

And the cloud that wraps my spirit

Has the dark cloud of despair

Canst thou only resist
Thy length-filful love
And wilt thou throw away my remembrance
Which thou dost so much prize

As thou art now I see
Thou art there too might be
I could not parting with thee own
Such bitter songs from

Yet making an angel's voice
I dream my time now
I see as my early dream
But thou art not so gay

The world of pleasure yet is mine
In pleasure mixed with pain
In the days gone by
Which thou dost so much prize

There, Dear one, I sadly sighed
For thee, I now deplore
Since fate has sworn in solemn vow
Thou shalt be mine

Yet fondly do I love thee still
Though hope and memory have
A wilder passion now and now
'Tis love that doth sustain

It is a world where guests are
Pleasure brings the
The world is not so
It may give

But if thou ever dost like me
No joy will I have
Save transient glances like wintry sun
Which thou dost so much prize

Newspaper clipping

Died

In Waterloo City, May 1, 1863, of Consumption Robert A. Long, aged 36 years.

Lines on the death of DAVID A. McBRIDE, a private in Co. G. 54th Reg. Ind. Vols., who died of camp disease, on the steamer Die Vernon, Jan. 19, 1863. Published by request of Mrs. Rachel S. McBride.

Farewell my dear husband, I here yet remain,
But if I live faithful, I'll meet you again
In a world that is free from sorrow and pain
Where no more will be heard the cries of the slain.

Where no fierce storm or tempest, or thunder shall roll,
Where the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul;
Where peace, joy and pleasure forever shall reign,
We'll live there together with God and the Lamb.

Oh! hard was the time when we bid thee farewell,
From the scenes of thy home, O, no one can tell,
The tears of deep sorrow how freely did flow,
When the time it did come that bid thee to go.

Away from thy friends in a far distant land,
To meet the proud foe in a southern clime;
While there among strangers, far from thy home,
Away from thy friends, thou must die alone.

No loved one was there to soothe thy death bed,
No darling sweet babe one lone tear to shed;
But far from strangers, thou must die alone,
Far, far from thy friends and the pleasures of home.

But ~~must~~ is the thought when freed from all care,
We ~~will~~ meet with our loved one that has gone on before;
Their ~~and~~ the sweetest of music forever to reign,
All ~~praise~~ shall be given to God and the Lamb.

E. C. D.

(newspaper clipping)

OBITUARY

William Brugh was born in Seneca County, Ohio, on January 11th, 1845, and died at his home in Traverse City on November 6th, 1926, aged 81 years, 9 months and 5 days.

At the age of two and one-half years his father moved his family to Stuben County, Indiana, travelling in covered wagons. His boyhood was spent there. On March 20th, 1872, he was united in marriage to Emma L. McBride. To this union were born two sons, Glen, who resides in Grand Rapids, and Ray of Traverse City; five daughters, Mrs. Nellie High and Mrs. Maude Putt of Hudson, Indiana, Mrs. Daisy Getts of Kendallville, Indiana, Mrs. Ivy Pettengill of Oviatt, Michigan, and Mrs. Hazel Devendorf of Traverse City. There are also twenty-eight grandchildren, and ten great grandchildren.

The deceased brought his family from Indiana to Michigan in 1882, locating at Oviatt, Michigan. In what was practically a wilderness at that time. The past twelve years he has spent in Traverse City.

Besides the children there is a sister, Mrs. Mary Hagerman of Hillsdale, Michigan, and his wife, Emma L. Brugh, and a host of friends and neighbors who will mourn his loss.

Civil War Letters to Rachel S. McBride

1. Jan. 12, 1862
This letter is to Rachel McBride wife of David A. McBride. It is written from Evansville, Ind. Hospital where Rachel's brother John L. Shatto died while in military service. He was a private of Company K. 44 Regiment Indiana Volunteers enrolled 25 days, Sept. 1861 at DeKalb Co. Ind. for 3 years - died Dec. 16, 1861 at Evansville Ind. of Hemorrhage of Lungs. Age 21 Source: Milt. Record National Archives. Milt. Record has typhoid fever & hemorrhage of bowels. He is buried in Fairfield Center Cemetery, DeKalb Co. Ind. Tombstone is readable.
2. Jan 26, 1862
This is a letter to Rachel from E. C. Davis (Ellen C. Davis) In letter 9 - she has "Ellen to Rachel" and speaks of being "Auntie" to Rachel's girls. She sent letter 9 from Flint, Mich?
Letter 2 was written to Rachel following the death of Rachel's brother John L. Shatto.
3. Feb. 3, 1862 - Letter David to Rachel written from Ravenna, Ohio
This letter was written when David was enroute through Ohio. David's father Richard M. McBride was married to Samantha Smith 15 May 1823 Case No. 1-358, Ravenna, Portage Co. Ohio. Ravenna is where David and his sister Maria Jane (McBride) Thompson were born.

CIVIL WAR
LETTER'S CONT.

4. Oct. 25, 1862

Letter from Camp Sullivan to Rachel
In this letter he talks of neighbors who lived
in the Cedar Lake, Smithfield twp, DeKalb
Co. Ind. Area. Cassleman, Brand, Shoemaker,
& Triplet descendants still live in this area.

5. Oct. 25, 1862 Burnside Barracks (David to Rachel)

I have this letter in original form. It is
very fragile and yellowed with age. This
is the letter that describes camp conditions
and is the most descriptive of treatment
of men who didn't enlist.

6. Jan 29, 1863 Poem on Slavery by David A. McBride
Mailed to Rachel 11 days after David's death.
Post mark, Henderson, Kentucky.

7. Mar. 4, 1863 Newspaper Clipping - David's death.

8. Poem written by Ellen Davis published in paper
at Rachel request. This on the death of David.

9. Feb. 22, 1863

This is a letter to Rachel from Ellen C. Davis.
It also has a poem written by her. I haven't
found any relationship between Rachel &
Ellen Davis. They may have been close
friends. This letter is written from Flint —?
(Flint, Mich.?)

Source: All letters were copied and typed
by Lois Lehman (1994 Address is 200 W. Cornwall
#109, Cary N.C. 27511) She has all the originals
except No. 5 which I have.

Copied Apr. 30, 1994

Luxah J. DeVoe
729 Riley Rd.
Hendallville, IN 46155



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